DONALD ROSS OF HEIMRA

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER I.

GODIVA.

"WELL, Mary, it is a pretty plaything to have given you—a Highland estate!—and no doubt all your fine schemes will come right. But you will have to change three things first."

"Yes?"

"And these are human nature and the soil and climate of Scotland."

"Avaunt, Mephistopheles! and go and give that porter a shilling."

The two speakers were on the platform of the Invershin station, on the Highland line of railway. One of them was a tall young woman of distinguished presence and somewhat imperious carriage, as you could gather at a first glance; but the next second, if she happened to turn her face toward you, you would have perceived that her expression meant nothing but a bland gentleness and a prevailing and excellent good humor. Perhaps it was the dimple in her cheek that did it—a dimple that came there readily whenever she regarded any one, and that seemed to say she was very willing to be pleased and to please; at all events, she found it easy, or had hitherto found it easy, to make friends. For the rest, she was of an erect and elegant figure; her complexion fair; her eyes gray-green and full of light; her abundant hair of a sunny brown; her features regular enough and fine enough for all practical purposes. It was of this young woman that her friend and now her travelling companion, Kate Glendinning, was in the habit of saying:—

"There's one thing I will confess about Mary Stanley—she's not quite honest. She is too happy. She is so happy in herself that she wants every one she meets to share in her content, and she is apt to say clever and flattering little things that are not quite true. It is for no selfish purpose; quite the reverse; still, you mustn't believe all that Mary says to you."

Thus Kate Glendinning of her dearest friend: but if any one else had ventured to say similar things in her presence—then, and right swiftly, there would have been pretty tempests and flashes of eye lightning.

And now there came up to Miss Stanley a short, stumpy, red haired and red bearded man of extraordinary breadth of shoulder and bulk of frame. He had a massive head despite his diminutive height; his mouth, drawn heavily down at each end, betokened a determined will, not to say a dogged obstinacy; and his small, clear, blue eyes, besides being sharp and intelligent, had a curious kind of cold aggressiveness in them—that is to say, when he was not talking to one whom it was his interest to propitiate, for then he could assume a sort of clumsy humility, both in manner and speech. This was Mr. David Purdie, solicitor, of Inverness. An Troich Bheag Dhearg—that is to say, the Little Red Dwarf—the people out at Lochgarra called him; but Mr. Purdie did not know that.

"The carriage is quite ready, Miss Stanley," said he, in his slow, deliberate, south country accent, and therewithal the three of them passed round to the back of the station and entered the wagonette, Mr. Purdie modestly taking a seat by the driver. The two young ladies were well wrapped up, for it was in the beginning of April, and they had fifty miles before them, out to the Atlantic coast. Kate Glendinning, in looking after her companion's abundant furs and rugs rather affected to play the part of maid, for this shrewd and sensible lass, who was in rather poor circumstances, was quite content to accept a salary from her friend who was so much better off, and she performed her various self imposed duties with a tact and discretion beyond all praise.

And as they drove away on this clear shining afternoon Mary Stanley's face was something to study. She was all eagerness and impatience; the color mantled in her cheeks; her brain was so busy that she had scarcely a word for her neighbor. For she had heard a good deal and read much more, in Parliamentary debates and elsewhere, of the sufferings of the crofters, of the iniquities that had been practised on them by tyrannical landlords and factors, of the lamentations of the poor homeless ones thrust forth from their native shores; and now, in this little bit of the world that had so unexpectedly become hers, and in as far as she was able, wrong was to be put right, amends were to be made, and peace and amity, and comfort and prosperity were to be established for ever and ever. Perhaps the transcendental vision of the Prophet Isaiah was haunting her. "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad * * * and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." And if she were to summon back the poor exiles who had been banished—banished to the slums of Glasgow, perchance, or to the far plains of Manitoba? * * * "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." To be sure, as they now drove along the wide and fertile valley that is penetrated by the Kyle of Sutherland, she did not meet with much evidence of the destitution she had been led to expect. She had heard of bleak wastes and sterile altitudes, of ruined huts and dismantled steadings; but here, under the softly wooded hills, were long and level stretches of arable land, the ploughmen busy at their work: the occasional crofts were very far indeed from being hovels, and the people whom they saw in the bits of gardens or tending the cattle looked well clothed and well fed. She ventured to hint something of this to her companion, and Kate, glancing at her, began to giggle.

"I really believe you are disappointed, Mary! Is there not enough misery for you? But never fear. If it's misery you're in search of you have seldom far to go for it in this world. Only I must tell you this—if you're so eager to relieve distress—that there is more of wretchedness and crime and squalor and piteous human suffering in a single square mile of the slums of London or New York than you'll find in the whole of the Highlands of Scotland."

"That may be," said Miss Stanley in her calm and equable fashion. "But you see, Käthchen, I have no call that way. I do not feel a direct responsibility as I do in this case——"

"It is a responsibility you are making for yourself," her friend said. "You know very well it was not for that your uncle left you the property. It was merely to spite your father and your brothers."

"There was a little more," was the good natured reply (for she did not seem to resent this reference to her amiable relative). "I think it was to spite the people out there as well. My uncle and they never could get on, and he was not a man who liked to be thwarted. And of course he imagined that I, being a woman, would not interfere; that I would leave the estate to be managed by Mr. Purdie and simply receive the rents. Well," she continued—and here she lowered her voice somewhat and there was a touch of color in her face that was perhaps the expression of some definite resolve—"I may allow Mr. Purdie to manage the estate or I may not. But if he does continue to manage the estate it will be under my direction."

Käthchen looked at her and laughed a little.

"I don't think Mr. Purdie knows whom he has got to deal with," said she, under her breath.

They stopped that night at Oykel Bridge. Miss Stanley invited Mr. Purdie to dine with them, but he declined on the ground that he had business in the neighborhood—an odd excuse, for the inn and its dependencies constitute the remote little hamlet. The two young women passed the evening by themselves and talked; the one with generous ardor entering into all her wonderful schemes, the other (who knew the country and the people) interposing now and again with a little modifying information. But really Käthchen was not unsympathetic. Her eyes, which were the attractive feature of her face, sometimes expressed a trifle of demure amusement; but she was not a quarrelsome or argumentative creature; and besides there is something in all fine humanitarian projects that one would rather believe and welcome.

Next morning they resumed their drive, and very soon entered a much wilder country than that of the preceding day. Wilder, but nevertheless beautiful—with its range upon range of russet hills, wine stained here and there with shadow; its woods of leafless birch of a soft dark rose lilac; its long undulations of waste moorland, yellow and brown; with now and again the sudden blue scythe-sweep of the river. For now they were traversing the lonely district of upper Strath-Oykel. Far ahead of them rose the giant bulk of Ben More, Assynt, its higher shoulders a solid mass of white. The sunlight around them was cheerful no doubt: and yet there was a strange sense of solitariness, of voicelessness; and Mary, who was less concerned about the beauty of the landscape than about certain problems haunting her mind, called out to Mr. Purdie, who was again up beside the driver:—

"Mr. Purdie, why are there no people living in this country?"

"Because there's nothing for them to live on," was the laconic answer. "It's fit for nothing but grazing sheep—and for grouse."

"Yes—the hills, perhaps," said she. "But look along the valley—by the side of the river."

"Ay, it's fine land, that," said he, grimly, "for a wheen peesweeps!" And indeed the plovers were the only visible living things, jerking about in the air, dipping suddenly to the ground and swiftly rising again, with their curious squeaking call, and the soft velvet fluffing of their wings.

However, all that was nothing. By and by they had left the Oykel strath and had entered upon a far higher and bleaker region, the desolation of which appalled her. There was not even the solitary shepherd's cottage they had seen down in the other valley; here was nothing but a wilderness of brown and ragged moorland, with deep black clefts of peat, and an occasional small tarn, without a bush along its shores, its waters driven a deep blue by the wind. Away in the west they could make out the spectral shapes of the Assynt mountains—Coul Beg, Coul More and Suilvan—remote and visionary through the universal haze of the heather burning; but here, all around them, were these endless and featureless and melancholy undulations; and the silence was now unbroken even by the curious bleating of the plovers; once, and once only, they heard the hoarse and distant croak of a raven.

"Käthchen," said Mary, in a sort of piteous dismay, as she looked abroad over those sombre solitudes, "you have been all along the Ross and Cromarty coast; is it like that?"

"Plenty of it is worse," was the reply.

"And—and—my place; is it like that?"

"I have never been in to Lochgarra."

"But—but if it is like that—what am I to do for my people?"

"The best you can," said Käthchen cheerfully.

It seemed an interminable drive. And then, in the afternoon, a premature darkness came slowly over. The mountains in the north gradually receded out of sight, and heavy, steady rain began to fall. The two girls sat huddled underneath one umbrella, listening to the pattering footfalls of the horses and the grinding of the wheels on the road, and when they ventured to peep forth from their shelter they beheld but the same monotonous features in the landscape—masses of wet rock and dark, russet heather, black swamps, low and bare hills, and now and again the gray glimmer of a stream or tarn. It was a cheerless outlook, continually changing, and yet ever the same; and hour after hour the rain came down wearily. There was hardly a word said between those two. Whither had fled Mary Stanley's dreams of a shining blue sea, a sunny coast line and a happy peasantry busy in their fields and gardens, their white cottages radiant in the morning light? Käthchen, on the other hand, was inclined to laugh ruefully.

"Isn't it a good thing, Mary, that duty brought us here? If it had been pleasure we should be calling ourselves awful fools."

But quite of a sudden this hopeless resignation vanished and a wild excitement took its place.

"Miss Stanley," Mr. Purdie called to her, "we've come to the march."

"The what?"

"The march—the boundary of your estate."

Instantly she had the carriage stopped, and nothing would do but that she must get down and set foot on her own land. Moreover, when Käthchen took the umbrella, they found that the rain

"THAT TAX IS ABOLISHED HERE AND NOW."

had ceased, and that the western skies were lightening somewhat.

"That is the march," said Mr. Purdie, pointing to a low, irregular moss grown wall—obviously a very ancient landmark—"and it goes right over the hill and down again to the Garra."

Leaving the highway she stepped across the ditch and stood on the moist, soft peat land.

"And this is mine!" she said to Käthchen, with an odd expression of face. "This is absolutely mine. Nobody can dispute my possession of it. This piece of the solid world actually belongs to me."

"And I suppose your rights extend as deep as ever you like," said Käthchen. "You might go all the way through, and have a walk in the streets of Melbourne, and get dry, and come back."

But Mary's quick eye had caught sight of what was to her the most important feature of the surrounding landscape. It was a cottage perched on a knoll above a burn—or, rather, it was the ruins of a cottage, the gables standing roofless, the thatch long ago blown away by the winds, the beams and fallen stones lying among the withered nettles, altogether a melancholy sight.

"Now, isn't it shameful!" she exclaimed, in hot indignation. "Look at that! The very first thing I meet with! Do you wonder that people should talk about the Highland landlords? Some poor wretch has been driven away—perhaps at this very moment, in Canada or in Australia, he is thinking of the old home and forgetting all the rain and discomfort. Mr. Purdie!"

"Yes, ma'am?" said he, coming a bit nearer; and Käthchen looked on, wondering what his doom was going to be.

"Who lived in that house?" Miss Stanley demanded.

"The schoolmaster," was the reply.

"The schoolmaster? And where is he now?"

"He's in his own house," the factor said. "We built him a new one and a better one, to be nearer the school and the village; and when he moved it was hardly worth while keeping the old one in repair."

"Oh," she said, a little disconcerted. "Oh, really. Then no one was sent away—from that cottage?"

"No, no—not at all—not at all," said he; and he followed her to the wagonette and politely shut the door after her—while Käthchen's face maintained an admirable gravity.

As they drove on again, the afternoon seemed inclined to clear; the skies were banking up, and there were faint streaks of lemon yellow among the heavy purple clouds in the west. And very soon now the road made a sweep to the left, bringing them in sight of the Connan, a small but turbulent tributary of the Garra. Here, also, they encountered the first signs of the habitations of men—little clumps of buildings clustered together just over a stretch of flat land that had clearly been recovered from the river bed. Crofts, no doubt; each slated cottage surrounded by its huddled dependency of thatched barns and byres.

As the wagonette drew near to the first of these rude little settlements the women disappeared into the outhouses and the children hid behind the peat stacks; but there remained standing at the door of the cottage an elderly man, who regarded the strangers with a grave and perhaps rather sullen curiosity.

"Mr. Purdie," said Mary, in an undertone, "is that one of my tenants?"

"Yes, certainly—that is James Macdonald."

"I wish to make his acquaintance," said she; and she stopped the carriage and got out.

There was no sort of fear or unnecessary bashfulness about this young woman. She walked right up the bank to the door of the cottage. The short, thick-set man standing there had something of a Russian cast of countenance, with a heavy gray beard, shaggy eyebrows and small, suspicious eyes. His clothes were weather worn as to color and much mended; but they were not in the least squalid and he had a red woollen comforter round his neck.

"Good evening!" said she, with a most winning smile.

But the propitiating dimple that had hitherto been all conquering was of no avail here. He looked at her. He did not raise his cap.

"*Cha 'n 'eil beurla agam*," said he, with a sort of affected indifference.

She was taken aback only for a moment.

"What does he say?" she asked of Mr. Purdie, who had followed her.

"He says he has no English," the factor answered, and then he added, vindictively, "but he would have plenty of English if he wanted to tell you of his grievances—oh, ay, plenty! Start him on that and he'll find plenty of English. He's one of the most ill condeetioned men in the whole place—and I suppose he has enough English to understand that."

"Tell him who I am," said she, rather disappointedly, for she had set out with the determination to get to know all the circumstances and wants and wishes of her tenants, especially of the poorer ones, without the intervention of any factor.

Hereupon Mr. Purdie, in unnecessarily severe tones, as it seemed to her, addressed a few sentences in Gaelic to the stubborn looking old man, who in turn and with no abatement of his hostile attitude replied in the same tongue. But to Mary's surprise he suddenly added, fixing morose eyes upon her:—

"She—no my laird! Ross of Heimra—my laird. Young Donald—he my laird. She no my laird at ahl!"

"Oh, but that is absurd, you know," Mary said, eagerly, and with a quick delight that she could enter into direct communication with him. "You forget—you are mistaken—my uncle bought the estate from the late Mr. Ross of Heimra. Surely you understand that? Surely you know that? The whole place was bought in open market. Mr. Ross sold the land, and all the rights belonging to it—yes, and the obligations, too; and my uncle bought it. Don't you understand?"

The man turned away his eyes and sulkily muttered something in Gaelic.

"What is it?" asked Mary, compelled to appeal once more to the factor.

"Like the scoundrel's impertinence!" said the Little Red Dwarf, darting an angry look at the crofter. "He says the Englishman—that is your uncle, Miss Stanley—the Englishman bought the land, but not the hearts of the people."

"And that is quite right!" Mary exclaimed. "That is quite right and true. Tell him I quite agree with him. But tell him this—tell him that if my uncle did not buy the hearts of the people, I mean to win them"——

"Oh, Mary," Katchen struck in, rather shamefacedly, "don't talk like that! They won't understand you. Be practical. Ask him what complaint he has to make about his farm—ask him what he wants"——

"I can tell ye that beforehand!" said Mr. Purdie, in his irascible scorn. "He wants more arable land, and he wants more pasture, and both for nothing. And no doubt he would like a steam plough thrown in, and may be a score or two o' black faced wethers"——

But Mary interrupted. She had formed for herself some idea before she came to this country as to how she meant to proceed.

"Mr. Purdie," said she, in her clear, firm way, "I wish you to ask this man if he has anything to complain of, and I wish you to tell me precisely what he says."

The Troich Bheag Dhearg being thus ordered obeyed, but he scowled upon the stubborn crofter, and it was apparent there was no love lost on the other side either. At the end of their brief and unwilling conversation the factor made his report.

"Well, there were many things he would like—who could doubt that?—but in especial he wants the pasture of Meall-na-Cruagan divided among the crofters of this district and the tax for the dike taken off the rent. But Meall-na-Cruagan never did belong to the crofters at any time, and it is part of Mr. Watson's sheep farm; he has it under lease."

"I will look into that afterward," said she. "What is the tax you mentioned?"

"Well, when the dyke along there—the embankment," said the factor, "was built to keep the river from flooding the land, the interest of the money expended was added on to the rents of the crofts, as was natural; and that's what they call a tax."

"How long have they been paying that tax?" she asked.

"It is about thirty years since the dyke was built."

"Thirty years!" she said. "Thirty years! These poor people have been paying a tax all this time for an embankment built to improve the property. Really, Mr. Purdie!"——

"They get the value of it," he said, as testily as he dared. "The land is no longer flooded"——

"Tell this man," said she, with some color mounting to her face, "that the tax for the dyke is abolished—here and now!"

"Godiva!" said Käthchen, in an undertone, with a bit of a titter.

And the factor would have protested from his own point of view. But this young woman's heart was all aflame. She cared nothing for ridicule nor for any sort of more practical opposition. Here was some definite wrong that she could put right. She did not want to hear from Mr. Purdie, or from anybody else, what neighboring landlords might think, or what encouragement it might give the crofters to make other and more impossible demands.

"I don't care what other landlords may say!" said she, with firm lips. "You tell me that I improve my property—and then charge these poor people with the cost! And for thirty years they have been paying? Well, I wish you to say to this man that the tax no longer exists—from this moment it no longer exists—it is not to be heard of again!"

The factor made a brief communication; the taciturn crofter answered not a word—not a word of recognition, much less of thanks. But Mary Stanley was not to be daunted by this incivility. As she descended to the wagonette her face wore a proud look—right and justice should be done, as far as she was able, in this her small sphere; the rest was with the gods.

And again they drove on; but now was there not some subtle softening of the air, some moist odor of the sea, some indication of the neighborhood of the Atlantic shores? Clearly they were getting down to the coast. And unhappily, as they went on, the land around them seemed to be getting worse and worse—if there could be a worse. A wilderness of crags and knolls—of Hebridean gneiss mostly; patches of swamp, with black gullies of peat; sterile hills that would have threatened a hoodie crow with starvation—such appeared to be Miss Stanley's newly found property. But a very curious incident now occurred to withdraw her attention from these immediate surroundings—an incident the meaning of which she was to learn subsequently. They had come in sight of a level space that had evidently at one time been a lake, but was now a waste of stones, with a touch of green slime and a few withered rushes here and there, and in the middle of this space, on a mound that had apparently been connected with the mainland, was a heap of scattered blocks that looked like the tumbledown ruins of some ancient fort.

"What is that, Mr. Purdie?" she called out, still anxious for all possible information.

A malignant grin came over the face of the Little Red Dwarf.

"That," said he, "was once Castle Heimra, and then it was Castle Stanley, and now it is nothing."

He had scarcely uttered the words when the driver slashed at the neck of one of the horses and both animals sprang forward with a jerk—a jerk so sudden and violent that Mr. Purdie was nearly pitched headlong from his seat. He threw a savage glance at the driver, but he dared not say anything—the two ladies were within hearing. Later on that evening Mary recalled this little incident—and seemed to understand.

Behold, at last, the sea!—a semicircular bay sheltered by long black headlands; beyond that the wide gray plain, white tipped with flashing and hurrying waves, and out toward the horizon a small but precipitous island, a heavy surge springing high along its southern crags. But she had time only for the briefest glance, for here was the village—her own village!—with its smithy, its schoolroom, its inn, its grocery store that was also a post office, and thereafter a number of not very picturesque cottages scattered about amid bits of poor garden, just above the shore. Nay, at the same moment she caught sight of Lochgarra House—her home that was to be—an odd looking building that seemed half a jail and half a baronial castle, but was prettily situated among some larch woods on a promontory on the other side of the bay. Of course they had driven through the little township almost directly, and now she could turn to the sea again—that looked strangely mournful and distant in the wan twilight.

"But where's the yacht?" she exclaimed.

"What yacht?" her companion asked, with some surprise.

"Why, the yacht I saw a minute ago—just before we came to the village; it was out yonder—close to the island"——

"Oh, nonsense, Mary!" said Käthchen. "You may have seen a fishing smack or a lobster boat; but a yacht at this time of the year!"——

"I declare to you I saw a yacht, for I noticed how white the sails were, even in the twilight," Mary insisted; and then she appealed to the factor:—"Mr. Purdie, didn't you see a yacht out there a minute or two ago?"

"No, I did not," he made answer; and then he in his turn addressed the driver. "Did you, John?"

"No," said the driver, looking straight ahead of him, and with a curiously impassive expression of face—an expression of face that convinced Mr. Purdie, who was prone to suspicion, that the man had lied.

It was a kind of bewilderment to her, this taking possession—the going up the wide stone steps, the gazing round the lofty oak hall, the finding herself waited upon by those shy-eyed, soft spoken Highland maids. But when she was in the retirement of her own room, whither she had been accompanied by the faithful Käthchen, one thing stood out clear to her mind from amid all the long day's doings.

"Käthchen," said she—and she was pacing up and down the room or going from window to window without looking out, as was sometimes her habit when she was excited—"I mean to have my own way in this. It is not enough that the tax should be abolished—it is not enough. No doubt those poor people were saved from the risk of floods; but, on the other hand, the property was permanently improved, and it is monstrous that they should be expected to go on paying forever. I tell you they have paid too much already, and I mean to see things made right. What do I care for Mr. Purdie or the neighboring landlords? If Mr. Purdie has any business to talk of when he comes along this evening—well, my little piece of business must take precedence. I am going to give Mr. Purdie the first of his instructions." She paused for a second, and then she spoke with rather a proud and determined air:—"Fifteen years of that tax to be remitted and returned!"

"Godiva!" said Käthchen again, but there was not much sarcasm in her smiling eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S COPY BOOK MAXIMS.

Rules Which the Father of His Country Adopted at the Age of Thirteen.

HOW TO ACT BEFORE FOLKS.

Texts from the Gospel of Manners, with Notes by Moncure D. Conway.

At Mount Vernon, where George Washington's early childhood was passed in a humble home, and his later years in a beautiful mansion, there lay for many years a pile of his school books.

Among these was a large copy-book full of arithmetical exercises, forms for advertising sales of land and cattle, accounts, and most things that would be useful in business. The forms of requiring dates are dated 1745, and there are other signs that the book was kept that year, when Washington was about thirteen years of age, probably a little more than thirteen.

The book is scrupulously neat, has no blots, and it is written in such clear and handsome penmanship that the lad must have won the prize if there were any given in the school for handwriting. Sometimes there are flourishes around his capital letters, but the small letters are almost as if engraved.

Now in this book there are several pages on which George Washington has written down more than a hundred "Rules of Civility and Decent Behaviour in Company and Conversation."

TEETH OF MICE AND TIME.

During the years in which the country was neglecting these rules, adopted from the wisdom of the past, the Mount Vernon mice seem to have had a taste for them. Nine of the rules were partly devoured, and several nearly destroyed.

One of them was left with only these words: "Too much at any Publick." I had nearly given up all hopes of finding out what that lost rule was, when I found it in a book compiled by an English child eight years old, a hundred years before our little Washington got hold of it. The rule was:—"Do not laugh too loud or too much at any public spectacle, lest you cause yourself to be laughed at."

Another rule that puzzled me a great deal had been left by the mice in this condition:—"A man ought not to value himself of his achievements or rare qua * les, virtues or kindred * * *." At last I found that what Washington wrote was:—"A man ought not to value himself of his achievements or rare qualities, his riches, titles, virtue, or kindred; but he need not speak meanly of himself."

Some of these rules relate to politeness—in the school, in the home, in the public, in the playground, in company; others relate to morality and the formation of character. There is no part in life but is taught its lesson; the boy learns to keep his nails clean, and also to keep his conscience clean.

RULES OF GOOD MANNERS.

I will first give some of the rules of good manners in things sometimes thought trifles, though they are really of large importance:—"If you cough, sneeze, sigh, or yawn, do it not loud, but privately; and speak not in your yawning, but put your handkerchief or hand before your face, and turn aside."

In the old colonial houses there were wide fireplaces, and the dinner was sometimes kept warm on the ample hearth for those who were absent. Hence another rule:—"Spit not in the fire, nor stoop low before it, neither put your hands into the flames to warm them, nor set your feet upon the fire, especially if there be meat before it."

Other rules advise people not to gnaw their nails nor kill fleas before others, nor play practical jokes on those who do not like it, nor sleep when others talk, nor shake the table on which any one is writing, nor eat in the streets, nor stop to pull up the stockings.

"Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings sit neatly, and clothes handsomely."

Some of the rules relate to behavior at table. "Being set at meal scratch not, neither spit, cough, or blow your nose, except there is a necessity for it." "Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals, feed not with greediness, cut your bread with a knife, lean not on the table, neither find fault with what you eat." But one must not cut bread with a greasy knife, nor take salt with it, nor carry food to the mouth with a knife, nor pick one's teeth with a fork. "Blow not your broth at table, but stay till it cools of itself." One must not spit the stones of fruit upon the plate. "Put not another bit into your mouth until the former be swallowed; let not your morsels be too big for the jowls."

BAD MANNERED MICE.

The Mount Vernon mice had played sad havoc with another rule, leaving it thus:—"In company of your betters be not * * * than they are, lay not your arm but ar * * *" I found it to be as follows:—"In company of your betters be not longer in eating than they are; lay not your arm, but arise with only a touch on the edge of the table."

I will quote two other rules concerning the behavior at the table:—"If others talk at table be attentive; but talk not with meat in your mouth." (In the Rules "meat" is used in the same sense as "food," as it sometimes is in the Bible.)

In table-talk another rule warns us against speaking of "doleful things," such as "death and wounds." And here is a noble rule:—"Be not angry at table, whatever happens; and if you have reason to be so show it not; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers. For good humor makes one dish of meat a feast."

Although there is a rule like this in the ancient book mentioned above, the words "good humor" have been inserted by Washington. The idea is ancient as Solomon:—"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." But the use of this wholesome English expression, "good humor," shows that George had digested the rule. I shall have more to say of him after I have presented the rules he has adopted, but I may say here that, in the school in which Washington attended, there remained for a hundred years a tradition that he was noted for good humor, although rather grave for his years. This I know because I attended the same school exactly a hundred years after Washington. He was never known to quarrel.

RULES FOR PUBLIC SPEAKING.

In our own days when young people often form societies or clubs for debate, in which they are training themselves for the assemblies in which the affairs of the world are discussed, there may be found particular interest in the rules of Washington, which relate to behavior in meetings.

One of these advises that if you enter a meeting in the midst of a speech you should not ask what it is about, and if the speaker stops because you have entered, you should ask him to proceed; but if a person enters while you are conversing it is handsome to repeat what has been said.

"Think before you speak, pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too heartily, but orderly and distinctly. When another speaks be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience. If any hesitate in his words help him not, nor prompt him without (being) desired. Interrupt him not, nor answer him till his speech be ended. In disputes be not so desirous to overcome as to give liberty to each one to deliver his opinion. Contradict not at every turn what others say. Be not tedious in discourse, make not many digressions, nor repeat often the same manner of discourse."

"While you are talking point not with your finger at him of whom you discourse, nor approach too near him to whom you talk, especially to his face." "The gestures of the body must be suited to the discourse you are upon."

WASHINGTON'S MOST ELOQUENT SPEECH.

And here I must risk breaking the rule against digressions and make one. Circumstances did not allow George Washington to cultivate the art of public speaking; he was pressed into his work of surveying lands before his boyhood was passed, and was in the camp contending against his country's enemies at an age when most youths are yet at college. He was always an admirable writer, and used his pen as others their tongues, but was troubled if called on to make a speech. At the age of nineteen Washington, on the very day that he received his commission from the Governor of Virginia, started on his perilous expedition through a wilderness peopled with savages to the Ohio. When he returned an address was offered him in the Legislature, but his words in response could hardly be heard. Whereupon the Speaker of the House exclaimed:—"Sit down Mr. Washington! Your modesty is equal to your merit in the description of which words must fall short."

But in that same Virginia Legislature, on the eve of the Revolution, Washington made what has been described as "the most eloquent speech that was ever made," in one sentence:—"I will raise a thousand men, subsist them at my own expense, and march them to the relief of Boston." He was here practising one of his own rules, which says:—"Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive."

FOR YOUNG FOLKS IN COMPANY.

One of the most difficult things for young people, who wish to be polite, is to steer clear of affectation. To avoid rudeness and bluntness on the one side, pretense and foppery on the other, is a sort of art. On this point Washington's rules contain useful hints. His very first rule is:—

"Every action done in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those that are present."

"Be no flatterer," says another rule. And again, "Superfluous compliments and all affectation of ceremony are to be avoided, yet where due they are not to be neglected."

"If any one comes to speak to you while you are sitting, stand up—though he be your inferior." "In writing or speaking, give to every person his due title."

"Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear, and answer. And be not pensive when it's a time to converse."

"Set not yourself at the upper end of the table, but if it be your due, or that the master of the house will have it so, contend not, lest you should trouble the company."

A GEORGE WASHINGTON CONUNDRUM.

And here I will quote a rule which the mice have so devoured that it may be given to my readers as a conundrum. The dots indicate the number of words (the last being part of a word) lost. Rule 42:—" . . . curtesie be proper to the dignity of his place . . . . t the same with a clown and a prince." I will give the solution in my next article, and meanwhile my readers may try their conjectures as to the omitted words, and have their theories ready for comparison.

The more serious maxims of Washington's copy-book will be considered hereafter. But let it not be supposed that those already given, quaint as they are, have not a serious importance.

There is a sense in which manners make the man. Mere smoothness of speech, ceremoniousness, stereotyped smiles, these are but pinchbeck politeness. But the real politeness, genuine good manners, are not all outside, because they are decorative. The plumage of a bird is the expression of its whole structure; the manners of a man grow out of his heart, his breeding and education. Education in manners is like polishing a diamond.

In the rough a diamond does not differ noticeably from any pebble; were it never polished it would be of no more worth than the pebble. Even a pretty bit of glass were superior in value to a diamond doomed to roughness. That is, it is not only important that the people should have good qualities in them, but that these qualities should be brought out, polished till they shine.

SPEAK TRUTH SWEETLY.

And never is there such wrong done to truth as when one confesses it with a brutal bluntness. On the other hand the most unwelcome truth may be told without exciting resentment, if told sweetly.

There is an Eastern fable of a monarch who had a disturbing dream, and called his two chief soothsayers, separately to interpret it. The first soothsayer said:—"The dream means that all your relations will die, then you will die yourself." The monarch was furious, and had this soothsayer's head cut off. The second soothsayer was summoned, and, having heard the dream, said:—"It means that your majesty will outlive all your relatives." The king loaded this soothsayer with gifts, though he had said substantially what the other said.

So much may be the difference in the manner of saying and doing things that it is to be hoped none will imagine it a frivolous occupation for the boy George Washington to be writing and taking to heart the rules we have been reading. They may seem light—so are feathers light, but they make the arrow go straight to the mark. And of this, as we shall see, Washington was an example.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

WHAT THE DENTISTS SAY.

RULES RELATING TO THE EXTRACTION OF TEETH—WHICH, WHEN AND HOW TEETH SHOULD BE REMOVED.

I have had many old people say to me, in substance, "Doctor, you dentists boast so much about the progress that has been made in your profession, here is a filling in my mouth which has been in for fifty years. You can't beat that, with all your new fangled science."

The answer is that we can and we do. These fillings which endure for half a century were placed in small cavities, surrounded by strong walls, and, being well done in a clean mouth of a healthy individual, last indefinitely.

But there were many, many teeth sacrificed to the forceps in the "good old days" that now could be saved by the veriest tyro upon whose diploma the ink is not yet dry. Thus it behooves us to be careful about submitting to the patient as to old fashioned ideas about extracting.

OLD TIME PULLERS.

If a tooth ached at one time it was doomed. The sufferer went to the dentist, said "Pull my tooth," and presto—the tooth was pulled. To obey such an instruction to-day might be to commit malpractice, and it may not be out of place to relate an incident which will show how people may be inconsistent, and yet be supported by the mighty arm of the law. A woman called at the office of a dentist and asked to have a tooth extracted. The dentist hesitated, saying that it could and should be saved. Very sharp was the reply.

"I guess I know what I want. Pull out the tooth or I'll go to another man who will." Her request was granted, and she took the offender along with her. A week later she called again and upbraided the dentist for the loss of her tooth.

"But," said he, "I told you not to have it out."

"Telling me not to have it out," replied the amiable woman, "won't help me, and it won't help you. The tooth could have been saved, and what I said when I was in so much pain that I didn't know what I said should not have caused you to do a wrong thing. I am going to sue you for damages."

She did so and won her case, the dentist paying one hundred dollars for having obliged her. It may surprise the reader to have me add that I do not sympathize with him. If a tooth can be saved, a dentist should no more extract it at the whim of the patient than should a surgeon cut off a finger to satisfy a crank.

SOME GENERAL RULES.

As to which teeth should be extracted, it would be impossible to cover the whole field of exceptional cases in an article of this kind. I can only generalize. There is, however, no exception to the rule that a "dead" tooth should be removed always. By "dead" tooth I must not be understood as meaning one in which the pulp has been destroyed and from which it has been removed.

The teeth have two sources of vitality. First, from within, the pulp being all that is left of the original germ supplying life to the ramifications of soft tissue which extend throughout the dentine. Secondly, from without, what is called the pericementum, being a soft tissue membrane which encircles the root. As long as this is healthy the tooth may be retained, even if all of the natural crown has crumbled away. When from disease this membrane is entirely destroyed—the pulp, of course, having died long previously—then we have what I term a dead tooth, if we may call anything dead, which is a question with many sides.

ABOUT DEAD ROOTS.

If such a dead tooth be allowed to remain in the jaw a diseased condition is surely maintained, and the general health, if not the life, of the patient may be imperilled. Thus it is seen at once that I should deprecate a practice which is, unfortunately, too common among some dentists. I allude to leaving in the mouth old roots, over which an artificial denture is placed. In rare cases, and to satisfy an extreme exigency, this is allowable, but then the root or roots covered, should be filled with as much care as a whole tooth.

The extraction of the sixth year molar in the mouths of children is a much disputed point, but briefly it comes to this. Too often parents neglect the mouths of children, believing that new teeth will come in place of those that are decayed.

REMOVING CHILDREN'S TEETH.

The sixth year molar is the first of the permanent set of teeth, and where at the age of eleven, or before the appearance of the twelfth year molar, it is found so badly decayed that the pulp must be or is destroyed, it is frequently wiser to remove it (and its follow in the same jaw if that is decayed), hoping that the erupting twelfth year molar will then appear further forward, and eventually the space be obliterated. Thus the wisdom tooth has plenty of space and becomes more useful than usual.

Where the same condition prevails after the appearance of the twelfth year molar, it is not so easily decided, though in many cases even then it is more beneficial to remove than to retain the pulpless tooth.

Abscessed teeth, especially in the back of the mouth, and more especially in the lower jaw, should not be left in the mouth after a reasonable amount of skilful treatment has failed to control the discharge of pus. Chronic abscesses discharging pus, which is swallowed with the saliva, are too frequently allowed to pass unnoticed, and serious derangements may arise from this constant assimilation of a septic poison. If the abscess cannot be cured, extract the tooth.

"'TWERE WELL 'TWERE DONE QUICKLY."

As to when to extract teeth I have only to say that once it is decided to have the tooth removed the sooner it be done the better. If it is designed to take gas the dentist should not be visited immediately after a meal, as the presence of food in the stomach is likely to result in nausea and vomiting, which is unpleasant for both the patient and the operator. Take gas on an empty stomach.

As to how to extract teeth much could be said. In the first place, as in other things, a certain knack is required rather than mere strength of the wrist.

Occasionally considerable force must be exerted, but more usually the pain of the operation may be much lessened by dexterity. For example, the molars in the upper jaw have three roots, like the legs of a milking stool. Two of these are toward the cheek, and the single root is toward the palate. To pull on such a tooth would be painful and ineffectual. Grasping the tooth firmly, with a slightly twisting movement the tooth is extracted by merely bending the forceps toward the cheek, thus using the two roots as a lever and dislodging the long single root in this manner.

The old "turnkey" is very effectual, but in most cases it seems to me barbarous to use one. The forceps answer every purpose and are not so painful. I think one may do without it altogether.

There is another old fashioned instrument, the screw, which I think should still be trusted in many cases. Where the root is all that is left and is buried up under the gums it is cruel to force the beaks of the forceps up after it, and many times that fails to accomplish anything though the bone surrounding be much shattered. In this class of roots use the screw, screwing it firmly into the root, and then by pulling accomplish the desired purpose with little or no laceration.

One gentleman at the summer Convention of the Southern Association showed an ingenious method. He drills a hole into the root, taps a screw thread and then screws in a tight fitting long screw. By taking hold of this screw wire which projects from the tooth the root is readily removed with a pair of pliers.

SAVE THE CITY HALL!

Vandal Officials Dare to Order the Painting of Its Historic Rear Walls.

WHITENING STONE TO MATCH STUCCO

Glaring Instances of Want of Soul Among the Rulers of the New World's Metropolis.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

One of the extraordinary traits peculiar to our great city is its utter want of archæological veneration. One after another of our old landmarks are being sacrificed without so much as a remonstrance on the part of the people until now everything old or historical has been swept away and exists only as a matter of history. In fact, we have heard it stated that the only piece of seventeenth century work now extant is the railing around the Bowling Green.

How different we find it in other cities! With what jealousy Newport preserves its old mill and State House, Boston its old churches and Faneuil Hall, Newburg its Washington Headquarters and Philadelphia its Independence Hall! But what in the way of old landmarks has been retained in New York?

It is not because we are a new city, or that we have never had buildings of antiquity. What, for example, could better claim attention of our people than the old Schuyler mansion, No. 1 Broadway, used by Washington as his headquarters during the War of Independence?

BLUNDERS BEYOND REPAIR.

Then there was the demolition of the old Dutch Church in Nassau street, afterward used as the New York Post Office. This building was used as a prison while New York was in the hands of the British, and had as many stories told of it by American prisoners after the war as that of Libby or Andersonville. From its spire Franklin, when a young man, performed his early experiments in electricity. There certainly was but little sentiment displayed by our government in desecrating this old church for secular uses, and still less in our people allowing it to be sold for business without a protest on the part of the city.

The matter of selling our ancestral park to Uncle Sam for a new Post Office we do not so much wonder at, as this outrage on the people we believe was instigated by the famous Tweed ring.

Our City Hall is perhaps the only building of importance still remaining which can boast of some antiquity. This was originally designed by a distinguished architect about the year 1809, when New York was still a very small city, and Boston and Newport disputed with it empire in the commercial world.

NEW DESECRATIONS CONTEMPLATED.

The City Hall was then located so far up town that the rear, in order to save expense, was built of brown stone instead of marble, believing it would never be seen, as it was supposed the city would never extend beyond the Park. This wall, during the lapse of nearly a century, is found to be somewhat defective, so that it becomes necessary to undergo certain repairs. Instead of cutting out the imperfect stone and introducing new of the same color, we have simply patched up the imperfect slabs with so base a material as cement! The writer in passing asked the builder how he proposed assimilating the color, when he gave the astounding information that they were ordered to paint the entire north side white in order to imitate the color of the marble front!

Now, Mr. Editor, is there no sentiment left in the hearts of our people? Cannot our rulers leave us even this little piece of tradition?

TIME TO SAY "HALT!"

It is certainly bad enough to plaster over this time honored evidence of the historic past, without adding insult to injury, by basely whitewashing its honest old wall, which for so many years has supported, to the edification of our city fathers, the statue of Justice. During Tweed's administration it was proposed, for the purpose of obtaining more room, taking off the present roof and substituting a mansard, but when the time came for action, thanks to the ring, their reverence for the old structure prevailed.

Let us, therefore, fellow New Yorkers, respect this one remaining ancient building and reverently keep the old structure exactly as our grandfathers gave it to us. If we must use stucco repairs on the north side let us paint the stucco to match the stone and leave the stone work its original color.

HENDRIK HUDSON.

ROBBERS IN UNIFORM.

MEAN WHELPS WHO FILCH FROM DEFENCELESS GIRLS AND AGED WOMEN.

See here, Messrs. Vanderbilt, are you aware of the fact that your very high toned Madison avenue cars are being used as a cover to a mean set of highway robbers?

You employ spotters to protect your own pockets; why don't you offer your patrons some protection also?

The Madison avenue line is known as the Ladies' line from the fact that it runs through one of the most fashionable districts of the city. Its chief patrons are women, and in the shopping hours it is no uncommon thing to see an overcrowded car with no men on it but the driver and conductor. It is at such hours that the dishonest conductor gets in his fine work. Here are two cases noted by a lady friend of mine:—

On one occasion an old lady of sixty or more got on a car crowded with ladies and handed the conductor a quarter. He pocketed it and went out on the platform. Pretty soon the old lady beckoned to him. "I want my change," she said. "I wish to get out at the next corner."

"You only gave me five cents," said the conductor roughly. "She gave you twenty-five. I saw her do it," said my little friend, who sat next to the old lady.

"That is a damned lie!" said the gentleman wearing the uniform of the Messrs. Vanderbilt, turning fiercely upon my friend.

Well, you know what effect that action had upon a carload of women. Everybody trembled. The old lady tottered to her feet and hurriedly left the car. Women whispered to each other and looked askance at the burly ruffian who had taken such cowardly advantage of his sex, and no one had the presence of mind to do the right thing.

"Why didn't you take his number or ride to the car stables and report him?" I asked.

"I clean forgot," said the little lady. "I felt so guilty and frightened that I was only too glad to get off at my own corner and let the matter drop. Oh, the great, horrid brute!"

The other occasion which she notices was that of a schoolgirl who gave a conductor ten cents. He coolly pocketed it and walked away. She waited anxiously for her change, looking at him pleadingly, counted over her money and began to tremble, but could not pluck up courage to ask for it. My little friend was all prepared to come to her assistance if she asked for her money and it was denied her, but she did not feel that it was her place to begin the attack. So another burly loafer was enriched at the expense of woman's timidity and the Vanderbilt line put to shame.

I know, Messrs. Vanderbilt, that you cannot afford to put cars enough on your line to accommodate travel decently. I know that you never think of giving your underpaid employés Christmas presents. But don't you think it decidedly wrong that your petticoated patrons should be made to stand and deliver in broad daylight just because there is not a man within call to take their part?

Or don't you care a hang anyway?

ONE MAN'S METHOD OF ECONOMY.

HE SAYS CARRYING A CANE SAVES HIM MUCH MONEY YEARLY.

"So you think it funny that I carry a cane down town with me every day when I go to business, do you?" said a young lawyer the other day to a friend who had made an adverse criticism on the subject, claiming that clients might be prejudiced against a lawyer who habitually carried a cane, for fear that he might not be of a sufficiently serious or studious turn of mind, as there was something about a stick that indicated the stripling or the dude.

"Some men may carry a cane because they think it is the proper thing," continued the young student of Blackstone, "but I am influenced in the practice purely by motives of economy. I graduated from college five years ago, and I haven't carried a stick since my freshman year. Still, as I am not such a fool as not to know enough to get out of the rain, I have always carried an umbrella in bad weather.

"As a matter of fact I found I was losing about twelve umbrellas a year simply because, not carrying a cane, I never thought of my umbrella unless it was actually raining when I got outside quick enough to return in time to get my umbrella before some one else grabbed it. One day I lost my own umbrella and my wife's as well. They cost $15 between them. Since then I have carried a cane on pleasant days and I never lose an umbrella. It's a great economy."